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11. — *Hints to Riflemen*. By H. W. S. CLEVELAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. 260.

THIS is a very timely treatise. Its object is to promote a general interest in a subject of national importance, and the book is so well done that it cannot fail to accomplish its end. It treats, in the main, of the general principles of rifle practice, of the merits of different classes of guns, cartridges, &c., and of the special varieties of rifles now in use. It is full of practical information, alike for the sportsman and the soldier, it is written in a clear and popular style, and its precepts and suggestions are enforced by illustrations and arguments drawn from long experience and careful investigation.

Mr. Cleveland is an old sportsman, and has long been known as an authority on the subject of which he writes. His book is of especial value at the present time, when no man should feel that he accomplishes his duty to the country unless he acquires the knowledge of the use of arms.

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12. — *Lucasta*. *The Poems of RICHARD LOVELACE, Esq., now first edited and the Text carefully revised. With some Account of the Author, and a few Notes.* By W. CAREW HAZLITT, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Russell Smith. 1864. pp. xlii. and 293.

THREE short pieces of Lovelace's have lived, and deserved to live: "To Lucasta from Prison," "To Lucasta on going to the Wars," and "The Grasshopper." They are graceful, airy, and nicely finished. The last especially is a charming poem, delicate in expression, and full of quaint fancy, which only in the latter half is strained to conceit. As the verses of a gentleman they are among the best, though not of a very high order as poetry. He is to be classed with the *lucky* authors who, without great powers, have written one or two pieces so facile in thought and fortunate in phrase as to be carried lightly in the memory, poems in which analysis finds little, but which are charming in their frail completeness. This faculty of hitting on the precise *lilt* of thought and measure that shall catch the universal ear and sing themselves in everybody's memory, is a rare gift. We have heard many ingenious persons try to explain the *cling* of such a poem as "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and the result of all seemed to be, that there were certain verses that were good, not because of their goodness, but because one could not forget them. They have the great merit of being portable, and we have to carry so much luggage through life, that we should be thankful for what will pack easily and take up no room.

All that Lovelace wrote beside these three poems is utterly worthless, mere chaff from the threshing of his wits. Take out the four pages on which they are printed, and we have two hundred and eighty-nine left of the sorriest stuff that ever spoiled paper. The poems are obscure, without anything in them to reward perseverance, dull without being moral, and full of conceits so far-fetched that we could wish the author no worse fate than to carry them back to where they came from. We are no enemies to what are commonly called conceits, but authors bear them, as heralds say, with a difference. And a terrible difference it is! With men like Earle, Donne, Fuller, Butler, Marvell, and even Quarles, conceit means wit; they would carve the merest cherry-stone of thought in the quaintest and delicatest fashion. But with duller and more painful writers, such as Gascoyne, Marston, Felltham, and a score of others, even with cleverer ones like Waller, Crashawe, and Suckling, where they insisted on being fine, their wit is conceit. Difficulty without success is perhaps the least tolerable kind of writing. Mere stupidity is a natural failing; we skip and pardon. But the other is Dulness in a domino, that travesties its familiar figure, and lures us only to disappoint. These unhappy verses of Lovelace's had been dead and lapt in congenial lead these two hundred years; — what harm had he done Mr. Hazlitt that he should disinter them? There is no such disenchanter of peaceable reputations as one of these resurrection-men of literature, who will not let mediocrities rest in the grave, where the kind sexton, Oblivion, had buried them, but dig them up to make a profit on their lead.

Mr. Russell Smith has been singularly unfortunate in his choice of editors. Some of the books he has chosen for reprinting perhaps deserved no better fate; but be that as it may, only one of the works in his series has been more than tolerably edited. We mean the five volumes of Chapman's translations, by the Rev. Mr. Hooper. And even those, though most faithfully collated with the original editions, are disfigured with some extraordinary blunders in the notes, and not a few lapses in the text. For example, "*treen broches*" (Hymn to Hermes, 227) is explained "branches of trees"! It means simply "wooden spits." In the Bacchus (28, 29), Mr. Hooper restores the corrupt reading which Mr. Singer (for a wonder) had set right. He prints

Nay, which of all the Pow'r fully-divined
Esteem ye him ?"

Of course it should be "powerfully-divined," for otherwise we must read "Powers." But we have so much for which to thank Mr. Hooper that we will not consider too nicely with him.

Of all Mr. Smith's editors, however, Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt is the

worst. He is at times positively incredible, worse even than Mr. Halliwell, and that is saying a good deal. Worthless as Lovelace's poems were, they should have been edited correctly, if edited at all. Even dullness and dirtiness have a right to fair play, and to be dull and dirty in their own way. Mr. Hazlitt has allowed all the misprints of the original (or by far the greater part of them) to stand, but he has ventured on many emendations of the text, and in every important instance has blundered, and that, too, even where the habitual practice of his author in the use of words might have led him right. The misapprehension shown in some of his notes is beyond the belief of any not familiar with the way in which old books are edited in England by the job. We have brought a heavy indictment, and we proceed to our proof, choosing only cases where there can be no dispute. We should premise that Mr. Hazlitt professes to have corrected the punctuation.

"And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel one, still he wounds it." (p. 34.)

Here the original reads, "Cruel, still on," and the only correction needed was a comma after "cruel."

"And by the glorious light
Of both those stars, which of their spheres bereft,
Only the jelly's left." (p. 41.)

The original has "of which," and rightly, for "their spheres bereft" is parenthetic, and the sense is "of which only the jelly's left." Lovelace is speaking of the eyes of a mistress who has grown old, and his image, confused as it is, is based on the belief that stars shooting from their spheres fell to the earth as jellies,—a belief, by the way, still prevalent in New England.

Lovelace, describing a cow (and it is one of the few pretty passages in the volume), says,—

"She was the largest, goodliest beast
That ever mead or altar blest,
Round as her udder, and more white
Than is the Milky-Way in night." (p. 64.)

Mr. Hazlitt changes to "Round was her udder," thus making that white instead of the cow, as Lovelace intended. On the next page we read,—

"She takes her leave o' th' mournful neat,
Who, by her toucht, now prizeth her life,
Worthy alone the hollowed knife."

The original was "prize their life," and the use of "neat" as a singular in this way is so uncommon, and the verse as corrected so halting,

that we have no doubt Lovelace so wrote it. Of course "hollowed" should be "hallowed," though the broader pronunciation still lingers in our country pulpits.

"Fly Joy on wings of Popinjays
To courts of fools *where* as your plays
Die laught at and forgot." (p. 67.)

The original has "there." Read, —

"Fly, Joy, on wings of popinjays
To courts of fools; there, as your plays,
Die," &c.

"Where as," as then used, would make it the "plays" that were to die.

"As he Lucasta nam'd, a groan
Strangles the fainting passing tone;
But as she heard, Lucasta smiles,
Posses her round; she's slipt meanwhiles
Behind the blind of a thick bush." (p. 68.)

Mr. Hazlitt's note on "posses" could hardly be matched by any member of the *posse.comitatus* taken at random: —

"This word does not appear to have any very exact meaning. See Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, art. *Posse*, and Worcester's Dict., *ibid.*, &c. The context here requires to *turn sharply or quickly*."

The "*ibid.*, &c." is delightful; in other words, "find out the meaning of *posse* for yourself." Though dark to Mr. Hazlitt, the word has not the least obscurity in it. It is only another form of *push*, nearer the French *pousser*, from Latin *pulsare*, and "the context here requires" nothing more than that an editor should read a poem if he wish to understand it. The plain meaning is, —

"But, as she heard *Lucasta*, smiles
Possess her round."

That is, when she heard the name *Lucasta*, — for thus far in the poem she has passed under the pseudonyme of *Amarantha*. "Possess her round" is awkward, but mildly so for Lovelace, who also spells "commandress" in the same way with a single s.

"O thou, that swing'st upon the waving eare,
Of some well-filled oaten beard." (p. 94.)

Mr. Hazlitt, for some inscrutable reason, changes "haire" to "eare" in the first line, preferring the ear of a *beard* to its hair!

"The radiant gemme was brightly set
In as divine a carkanet;
Of which the clearer was not knowne
Her minde or her complexion." (p. 101.)

The original reads rightly "for which," &c., and, the passage being rightly pointed, we have,—

"For which the clearer was not known,
Her mind or her complexion."

Of course "complexion" had not its present limited meaning.

" . . . my future daring bayes
Shall bow itself." (p. 107.)

"We should read *themselves*," says Mr. Hazlitt's note authoritatively; of course a noun ending in *s* is plural. Not so fast. In spite of the dictionaries, *bays* was often used in the singular.

"Do plant a sprig of cypress, not of bays,"

says Robert Randolph in verses prefixed to his brother's poems; and Felltham in "Jonsonus Virbius,"

"A greener bays shall crown Ben Jonson's name."

But we will cite Mr. Bayes himself:—

"And, where he took it up, resigns the *bays*."

"But we (defend us!) are divine,
[Not] female, but madam born, and come
From a right-honorable wombe." (p. 115.)

Here Mr. Carew has ruined both sense and metre by his unhappy "not." We should read "Female, but madam-born," meaning clearly enough "we are women, it is true, but of another race."

"In every hand [let] a cup be found
That from all hearts a health may sound." (p. 121.)

Wrong again, and ruinous to the measure. Is it possible that Mr. Hazlitt does not understand so common an English construction as this?

"First told thee into th' ayre, then to the ground." (p. 141.)

Mr. Hazlitt inserts the "to," which is not in the original, from another version. Lovelace wrote "ayër." We have noted two other cases (pp. 203 and 248) where he makes the word a dissyllable. On the same page we have "shewe's" changed to "shew" because Mr. Hazlitt did not know it meant "show us" and not "shows." On page 170, "their" is substituted for "her," which refers to Lucasta, and could refer to nothing else.

Mr. Hazlitt changes "quarrels *the* student Mercury" to "quarrels *with*," not knowing that *quarrels* was once used as an active verb. (p. 189.)

Wherever he chances to notice it, Mr. Hazlitt changes the verb following two or more nouns connected by an "and" from singular to plural. For instance:

"You, sir, alone, fame, and all conquering rhyme
File the set teeth," &c. (p. 224.)

for "files." Lovelace commonly writes so; — on p. 181, where it escaped Mr. Hazlitt's grammatical eye, we find, —

"But broken faith, and th' cause of it,
All-damning gold, *was* damned to the pit."

Indeed it was usual with writers of that day. Milton in one of his sonnets has,

"Thy worth and skill *exempts* thee from the throng," —

and Leigh Hunt, for the sake of the archaism, in one of his, "Patience and Gentleness *is* power."

Weariness, and not want of matter, compels us to desist from further examples of Mr. Hazlitt's emendations. But we must also give a few specimens of his notes, and of the care with which he has corrected the punctuation.

Page 76, in a note on "flutes of canary" too long to quote, Mr. Hazlitt, after citing the glossary of Nares (edition of 1859, by Wright and Halliwell, a very careless book, to speak mildly), in which *flute* is conjectured to mean *cask*, says that he is not satisfied, but adds, "I suspect that a flute of *canary* was so called from the cask having several vent-holes." But flute means simply a tall glass. Lassel, describing the glass-making at Murano, says, "For the High Dutch they have high glasses called *Flutes*, a full yard long." The origin of the word, though doubtful, is probably nearer to *flood* than *flute*. But conceive of two gentlemen, members of one knows not how many learned societies, like Messrs. Wright and Halliwell, pretending to edit Nares, when they query a word which they could have found in any French or German dictionary!

On page 93 we have, —

"Hayle, holy cold! chaste temper, hayle! the fire
Raved o'er my purer thoughts I feel t' expire."

Mr. Hazlitt annotates thus: "*Rav'd* seems here to be equivalent to *reav'd* or *bereav'd*. Perhaps the correct reading may be 'reav'd.' See Worcester's *Dictionary*, art. RAVE, where Menage's supposition of affinity between *rave* and *bereave* is perhaps a little too slightly treated."

The meaning of Lovelace was, "the fire *that* raved." But what Mr. Hazlitt would make with "reaved o'er my purer thoughts," we cannot conceive. On the whole, we think he must have written the note merely to make his surprising glossological suggestion. All that Worcester does for the etymology, by the way, is to cite Richardson, no safe guide.

"Where now one *so so* spatters, t'other : no!" (p. 112.)

The comma in this verse has, of course, no right there, but Mr. Hazlitt leaves the whole passage so corrupt that we cannot spend time in disinfecting it. We quote it only for the sake of his note on "*so so*." It is marvellous.

"An exclamation of approval when an actor made a hit. The corruption seems to be somewhat akin to the Italian '*si, si*,' a corruption of '*sia, sia*.'"

That the editor of an English poet need not understand Italian we may grant, but that he should not know the meaning of a phrase so common in his own language as *so-so* is intolerable. Lovelace has been saying that a certain play might have gained applause under certain circumstances, but that everybody calls it *so-so*, — something very different from "an exclamation of approval," one should say. The phrase answers exactly to the Italian *così così*, while *sì* (not *si*) is derived from *sic*, and is analogous with the affirmative use of the German *so* and the Yankee *jés' so*.

"Oh, how he hast'ned death, burnt to be fryed!" (p. 141.)

The note on *fryed* is, —

"I. e. freed. *Free* and *freed* were sometimes pronounced like *fry* and *fryed*; for Lord North, in his *Forest of Varieties*, 1645, has these lines: —

'Birds that long have lived free,
Caught and cag'd, but pine and die.'

Here evidently *free* is intended to rhyme with *die*."

"Evidently!" An instance of the unsafeness of rhyme as a guide to pronunciation. It was *die* that had the sound of *dee*, as everybody (but Mr. Hazlitt) knows. Lovelace himself rhymes *die* and *she* on p. 269. But what shall we say to our editor's not knowing that *fry* was used formerly where we should say *burn*? Lovers used to *fry* with love, whereas now they have got out of the frying-pan into the fire. In this case a martyr is represented as burning (i. e. longing) to be fried (i. e. burned).

"Her beams ne'er shed or change like th' hair of day." (p. 224.)

Mr. Hazlitt's note is, —

"*Hair* is here used in what has become quite an obsolete sense. The meaning is outward form, nature, or character. The word used to be by no means uncommon; but it is now, as was before remarked, out of fashion; and indeed I do not think that it is found even in any old writer used exactly in the way in which Lovelace has employed it."

We should think not, as Mr. Hazlitt understands it! Did he never hear of the golden hair of Apollo, — of the *intonsum Cynthium*? Don Quixote was a better scholar where he speaks of *las doradas hebras de*

sus hermosos cabellos. But *hair* never meant what Mr. Hazlitt says it does, even when used as he supposes it to be here. It had nothing to do with "outward form, nature, or character," but had a meaning much nearer what we express by temperament, which its color was and is thought to indicate.

On p. 232 "*wild ink*" is explained to mean "*unrefined.*" It is a mere misprint for "*wild.*"

P. 237, Mr. Hazlitt, explaining an allusion of Lovelace to the "east and west" in speaking of George Sandys, mentions Sandys's Oriental travels, but seems not to know that he translated Ovid in Virginia.

Pages 251–252:

"And as that soldier conquest doubted not,
Who but one splinter had of Castriot,
But would assault ev'n death, so strongly charmed,
And naked oppose rocks, with this bone armed."

Mr. Hazlitt reads *his* for *this* in the last verse, and his note on "bone" is:—

"And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith." (Judges xv. 15.)"

Could the farce of "editing" go further? To make a 'splinter of Castriot' an ass's jawbone, is a little too bad. We refer Mr. Hazlitt to "The Life of George Castriot, King of Epirus and Albania," &c., &c., (Edinburgh, 1753,) p. 32, for an explanation of this profound difficulty. He will there find that the Turkish soldiers wore relics of Scanderbeg as charms.

Of his corrections of the press we will correct a few samples.

P. 82, for "*fall too,*" read "*fall to*" (or, as we ought to print such words, "*fall-to*"). P. 83, for "*star-made firmament,*" read "*star, made firmament.*" P. 161, for "*To look their enemies in their hearse,*" read, both for sense and metre, *into*. P. 176, for "*the gods have kneeled,*" read *had*. P. 182, for "*In beds they tumbled off their own,*" read *of*. P. 184, for "*in mine one monument I lie,*" read *owne*. P. 212, for "*Deucalion's blackflung stone,*" read "*backflung.*" Of the punctuation we shall give but one specimen, and that a fair average one:—

"Naso to his Tibullus flung the wreath,
He to Catullus thus did each bequeath.
This glorious circle, to another round,
At last the temples of a god it bound."

Our readers over ten years of age will easily correct this for themselves.

The volume is dedicated appropriately enough to Mr. Hazlitt's father, who once edited an edition of Montaigne with as little knowledge of French as his son has shown of English.